

WED; HIS BRIDE.

ement of the
of the Actor
ia Harned.

the Wedding Bells
g, When This
son Closes.

These Footlight Fa-
ill End a Highly
antic Courtship.

NED ONCE OF BOSTON.

Distinctively of New York, Has
Her, but, She Says, Only
at a Dinner at
"Dels."

Southern yesterday formally an-
that he was engaged to marry
a Virginia Harned, and that the
g would take place next Summer
close of this theatrical season. For
than a year it has been persistently
ed that the young actor and his
leading lady were engaged, but to
quiver both replied in the negative,
uting the rumor to sensational gos-

was known, however, that the young
as were much attached to each other.
Recently much surprise was expressed
a Miss Harned left Southern's company
g under the management of A. M.
over as Trilby in the first dramatiza-
of Du Maurier's famous novel.

Miss Virginia Harned, whose name was
d to have been mentioned in connection
th Mrs. Thurlow Weed Barnes's reported
tion for divorce, is very indignant that
a name should have been brought into
a matter.

"It is utterly impossible that Mrs. Barnes
have mentioned my name in her
complaint," said Miss Harned yesterday.
"I have seen a gentleman, a friend of
Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, who knows all
out the papers in the case, and he as-
ured me not only that my name was not
ed, but that Mrs. Barnes had never
ue with the case at all. It is
that anybody should have in-
journal reporters that I was
co-respondent. Why, I
Thurlow Weed Barnes!
t once or twice in my
ever had any conver-
a dinner given at
ago, at which
sent. At that
sister-in-law
w the lady
arnes called
I never re-
back word

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Barnes.
I think
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men who
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Lapin Let-
The Way
Prisoner of
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the King."

When Collins got into the Deputy Cor-
ner's yard the man had disappeared in the
open basement. Just as he entered it
Collins saw a flash of light from the front
of the basement. The fleeing burglar had
lighted a match to find the fastening to the
front door. In a second Collins had made
him a prisoner.

As he did so, Collins saw the burglar descend
the stairs armed with a horse pistol, and
had nearly winged the policeman and his
prisoner before he appreciated the situa-
tion. Blood was gushing from two bullet
holes in the burglar's left breast. He was
taken back to the Glass flat, where Mr. and
Mrs. Glass identified him as one of the
men who had entered their rooms while
they were asleep. They said he was a
friend of one Greenberg, who had rented a
room of them and whom they had dis-
covered some weeks ago. When they
sent Greenberg away he threatened ven-
geance. His description corresponds with
that of the burglar who occupied the room
at the station house the wounded man
said he was Frank Freeman, of No. 240
Cherry street, a Jew, about twenty-nine
years old. In his pockets were five pay-
tickets, calling for different articles of
clothing. He said he was a blacksmith and
had run in pursuit of a burglar whom he
saw issue from the back yard of the
Glass flat, and that the burglar had shot
at when he pursued him into Coroner
Fitzpatrick's house.

Coroner Fitzpatrick's Hospital it was found
one bullet had ploughed under the
arm and came out again, leaving only a
wound, and had not penetrated. Free-
man was transferred to Bellevue. Shortly
ward a woman took to the Mad-
dison street station for him. She
he was his wife. For that he had not
come since he was shot Friday night.
Id that he was a pedler, and in
pects her story differed from that
the wounded man. There have been
of burglaries of late in the
ill district, and the thieves have
instance answered the description
an and Greenberg.

ner Killed by a Train.
all, c
Consoners of
to for



Sarah Abbott, a New Jersey Belle, Whose Life Is Pitiful.

Judge Ward, the uncle of this beautiful woman, was compelled to adjudge her guilty of being a vagrant and an outcast when she was brought before him by the police.

SHOT AT POLICEMAN, WOUNDED HIS "PAL."

Burglar Frank Freeman's
Companion a Bad One
to Travel With.

The Pair Had Just Looted
Jacob Glass's Flat When
Discovered.

Chased Through Henry Street Back
Yards by Plucky Policeman
Michael Collins.

UNLUCKY BARCLAY IN BELLEVUE.

The One That Shot Him Is Believed to Be
One Greenberg, Who Threatened Ven-

geance When Glass Turned Him Out
from a Room in His Flat.

Frank Freeman is a prisoner at Belle-
vue Hospital, and though a long penal
sentence for burglary is pretty sure to fall
to his lot, he may still count himself a
lucky man.

Freeman and another man, for whom the
police are now looking, robbed the flat at
No. 254 Henry street, occupied by Jacob
Glass and his wife, some time after 1
o'clock yesterday morning. They had tied
up about everything in the flat except the
bed upon which Glass and his wife were
sleeping, when Glass awoke and saw them,
and from the front window alarmed the
neighborhood with cries of "murder!"
"Intruders!" The burglars,
booty, scrambled down the fire escape in
the rear of the building.

Policeman Vincent Dowling, who lives
near by, heard Glass's cries, and went to
his front window and fired three shots from
his revolver. Officer Michael Collins, of
the Madison street station, heard the alarm
and reached the yard before the thieves
got away.

As Freeman was mounting the back
fence Collins grabbed at him. As he did
so, the second burglar blazed away three
times with a pistol at the policeman, mis-
sing him, but striking his feeling "pal."
The shots made Collins hesitate, and the
man whom he was pursuing got over the
fence. So did his pal. Collins followed
in time to see the first man scale another
fence and drop into the yard back of De-
puty Coroner Fitzpatrick's house, at No. 253
Henry street.

When Collins got into the Deputy Cor-
ner's yard the man had disappeared in the
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SHE PUSHED A BOY AND BROKE HIS ARM.

Miss Anna Layton Accused
of Cruelty to One of
Her Scholars.

Did Not Write His A's to Suit
Her and the Teacher Pun-
ished Him.

Freddie Jacobson Is One Sufferer and
Little Johnnie Quinn's Head
Is Cut.

LONG, HEAVY RULER AS A WEAPON.

No Harsh Methods Are Employed by the
Accused Woman, According to
Herself and the Prin-

icipal.

Because he did not write his A's correctly
little Freddie Jacobson's teacher, Miss
Anna Layton, thought he was obstinate,
and when he shook his closely cropped head
she fancied he was defiant.

"Come to the blackboard," she com-
manded, and Freddie obeyed.
Freddie is eleven years old. In the pre-
sence of the children in his class of Gran-
mar School No. 8, at One Hundred and
Forty-first street and Edgecombe avenue,
he was ordered to write capital A's in
chalk. Freddie shook his head and edged
away.

Miss Layton, who is tall and strong,
seized the boy by the collar of his jacket
and hurried him through the classroom to
the open doorway, Freddie, meanwhile, re-
sisting. At the threshold of the door the
teacher gave him a push forward and he
plunged head first toward the wall. To
save himself he stretched out his arm.
That saved his head from injury, but he
did not move, but moaned in pain. His right arm
had been broken in two places between the
wrist and elbow. White and limp, he was
lifted and carried to his seat in the class
room, and there it was found that a sur-
geon's attention was necessary. Dr. Clark,
of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street,
was called, and the little sufferer was
taken to the Doctor's office, but after treat-
ment was removed to his home, at No. 2574
Eighty avenue, where his father, Simon
Jacobson, is a tailor.

"Hurt Other Fellows, Too."
"I didn't make my A's right and I didn't
get my reading," said Freddie yesterday.
"I didn't learn the new song they were to
sing, either. Miss Layton got mad and
pushed me down and I got hurt. She's hurt
other fellows, too. Johnny Quinn, she hit
him on the head behind his ear with her
ruler and made a cut that made the blood go
down on his coat. He didn't make his A's
right, either. She slapped my face, too,
with her hand."

"Yes," interrupted the boy's father, "she
did, and when Freddie came home, one hour
and a half later, I could still see the red
finger marks on his left cheek. She said she
would break every bone in his body."

Miss Layton was summoned to the Har-
lem Court yesterday. Principal Henry Cas-
sady and Teacher Sydney M. Fuerste were
also there. Mr. Fuerste represented Miss
Layton. He said she admitted having
pushed the child and that the boy's arm had
been broken, but that no extra force had
been used. The fracture, she declared, was
the result of an accident. She would gladly
pay for the child's treatment, and had, in
fact, already advanced \$10 to Dr. Clark for
that purpose. Magistrate Deuel was in-
clined to dismiss the case, but finally de-
cided to parole Miss Layton for further ex-
amination next Saturday.

Defended by the Principal.
Lester Cohen, aged twelve, of No. 205
West One Hundred and Thirty-eighth
street, and Walker Elkin, eleven, of No.
315 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth
street, classmates of Freddie, corroborated
his testimony in every particular, and ad-
ded that Miss Layton had treated many
boys in her class harshly. Miss Layton
has a ruler eighteen inches in length, and
the children say that many a time hands
have been rapped and heads struck with it.
Miss Layton says the statements made by
the boys are exaggerated. She tries to
treat her pupils gently. She declares that
Freddie was scratching his desk with a
pencil and she reproved him. In pushing
him he slipped and fell. She denies having
slapped his face.

Principal Cassady, last night said he did
not believe Miss Layton was harsh in her
treatment of the pupils in her class. If
it could be proved she would certainly
be removed from the school.

Twenty Firemen Injured.
Twenty firemen were injured in a fire
last night while a test of the new alarm
system was being made. The fire was
caused by a gas leak in a room where
about sixty men were having a social
party. It broke out at about 11 o'clock
and spread rapidly. The firemen who
were on duty at the time were unable to
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ONCE LOCAL BELLE, NOW POOR OUTCAST.

Sarah Abbott Arraigned Be-
fore Her Own Uncle
as a Vagrant.

Her Family One of the Best
Known in the City of
Perth Amboy.

Wealthy, Handsome and Talented, She
Was a Leader Among Her
Companions.

MARRIES AGAINST PARENTS' WISH.

After First Husband's Desertion She Weds a
Man Who Is Now in Jail
and Then Sinks to
Degradation.

Miss Sarah Pothergill ten years ago was
one of the belles of Perth Amboy. Her
father, William Pothergill, had retired from
business, and lived quietly with his
wife and younger children in a large, old-
fashioned house in South Amboy. During
his lifetime he had accumulated a consid-
erable fortune, most of which was invested
in real estate. His daughter—he had no
sons—had been given a thorough education,
and her personal attractions made them
much sought after by the young men of
the place.

The two elder ones married happily and
were established in homes in the town by
their father. His heart was, however,
centered on Sarah, his youngest. She
was the handsomest, people thought, and
she had many suitors. None of them
seemed to please her, a fact which was
much to the liking of her father, who had
no disposition to see her married.

While, however, every one thought the
young girl heartwhole, she was, it seems,
carrying on a quiet flirtation with Edward
Banta. He was an honest, hard-working
young man against whom nothing could
be urged, except his lack of social stand-
ing. He was employed in the office of a
printing firm, and had only a small salary,
though he was steady and industrious. Old
Mr. Pothergill heard at last of his daughter's
infatuation and tried to break off the match,
but the daughter was firm. Her pleadings
finally secured the consent of her parents
to the match. The wedding was a quiet
one, and few of the society people who had
witnessed the marriage of her sisters saw
the youngest Miss Pothergill become Mrs.
Banta.

Deserted by Her Husband.
Trouble began for the couple almost at
once. The husband could not support his
wife as she had been accustomed to live.
She wearied of constant economy, and he
was vexed at her complaints. Then busi-
ness reverses swept away nearly all of
Mr. Pothergill's property and he was un-
able to help his daughter as he would have
wished.

Six years ago a child was born to Mrs.
Banta. This, her parents hoped, would
make her home more happy. It did not.
The husband had learned to doubt his wife.
At last he declared that the child was not
his, and deserted the mother and child.
Mrs. Banta went to live again with her
parents. Then old Mr. Pothergill, broken
in health as well as fortune, died, and
just about the time his daughter secured a
divorce.

Not long after this Mrs. Banta met John
Abbott. He was good-looking and seemed
to have plenty of money. He was a quiet
man, and she was fascinated by him, and
after a short acquaintance, they were
married. Trouble soon began. Abbott
seemed to have no money, and she was
not long before he was arrested for
brutal treatment of the child. The evi-
dence brought out in court showed that he
had taken the child to a public house, and
pressed it upon a hot stove. For this crime
he was sentenced to eight years in State
prison. He has six years still to serve.

After Mrs. Abbott returned to be-
come by her former companions and con-
stantly sinking to lower depths, left Perth
Amboy. Nothing was heard of her until
she was found in the Tombs in the last
watch of the night, and that Mr.
Pothergill, broken in health as well as fortune,
died, and just about the time his daughter
secured a divorce.

Taken In by the Police.
Chief of Police Burke, with Patrolmen
Dunham, Mulgan and Clark, raided the
place late Friday night. In it they found
Miss Layton, a woman, and a man, who
were both drunk. They were taken to the
station. All were locked up at the police
station. There, for the first time, the identity
of Sarah Abbott was discovered.

Judge Ward is the only official before
whom, according to law, police court pris-
oners can array themselves. He was ap-
peared in the bench yesterday morning. He
was forced to listen to the charge of
torture made against his niece. It was a
travesty upon the law. The woman, who
was a friend of the prisoner, was called
and would not look at her niece, while
the gray-haired Judge tried to hide his
feelings behind a mask of judicial im-
passiveness. A defense by Jefferson
was made, and in a broken voice continued
the hearing until next Thursday.

The woman was hurried from the court-
room to the police station. There she was
separated with money by somebody and
given a ticket for South Amboy. A mes-
sage in the meantime had been sent to her
nephew. The scene is represented with great
life and spirit by the painter, who doubt-
less was present on the occasion.

The collection of Joseph Jefferson
is wonderfully fine, containing specimens
by Rembrandt, Grena, Gainsborough and
Corot, besides a number of other interest-
ing works. A lecture by Jefferson
will be given at the museum, and shows marked
identity and sympathy with nature.

Another collection that is especially rich
is that of George A. Hebert, who has been
so generous to the museum on many
occasions. One of his chief
contributions is a beautiful canvas
English landscape by a master
which cannot be said in praise.

Twenty Firemen Injured.
Twenty firemen were injured in a fire
last night while a test of the new alarm
system was being made. The fire was
caused by a gas leak in a room where
about sixty men were having a social
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RIVAL WARDENS IN THE TOMBS.

Fallon's in Control During
the Day and Van de
Carr at Night.

Each Is Only a Half-Boss, but
Each Is Drawing Full Pay
from the City.

What One Does the Other Undoes
and It's Awfully Funny to
the Underlings.

BIG CHIEF WRIGHT SAYS NOTHING.

Reinstatement Seems to Have Given the
Old Warden Simply the Satisfaction
of Making O'Shea Feel
Uncomfortable.

The men who work in the Tombs prison
are in a quandary. They do not know
whether they are working for John J. Fal-
lon, who was reinstated warden last Fri-
day afternoon, or for John B. Van de Carr,
who has been acting as warden since Mr.
Fallon was deposed. Fallon claims he is
"the" warden, and Van de Carr claims he
has as much to do with the running of the
Tombs as Mr. Fallon has. In view of the
fact that neither has the power to employ
or discharge the humblest menial about the
prison, the situation is funny. Each claim-
ant is drawing full pay for the position of
warden, and each is working twelve hours
a day.

When Mr. Fallon, armed with the deci-
sion of the Supreme Court giving him his
old position as warden, with salary from
the time of his removal, presented himself
to Commissioner of Charities Robert J.
Wright, Friday afternoon, the Commis-
sioner reinstated him without delay. But
the Commissioner, in making out the pa-
pers, announced that Mr. Fallon was re-
appointed as "one of the wardens" of the
city prison. Mr. Fallon wended his way to
the Tombs.

He got there about 3 o'clock and found
Mr. Van de Carr in charge. He presented
his order from Commissioner Wright and
expected to see Mr. Van de Carr vacate
the premises immediately. But Mr. Van de
Carr did nothing of the sort.

No Glad Hand for O'Shea.
He greeted Mr. Fallon in a patronizing
sort of way, took advantage of the ward-
en of the order, and told him he might
have charge of the Tombs in the daytime,
but he (Van de Carr) proposed to look
after things at night, exercising the same
power that Mr. Fallon might exercise. Af-
ter delivering himself of this ultimatum he
took his departure, announcing that he
would be on hand again to take hold of the
Tombs at 7 o'clock in the evening. He was
the other of the "one of the wardens,"
he said.

Mr. Fallon was somewhat surprised. He
wandered about the place to familiarize
himself with the Tombs. He found the
prison in a state of confusion. The
warden, who was reinstated, was in a
quandary. He did not know whether he
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ter delivering himself of this ultimatum he
took his departure, announcing that he
would be on hand again to take hold of the
Tombs at 7 o'clock in the evening. He was
the other of the "one of the wardens,"
he said.

Mr. Fallon was somewhat surprised. He
wandered about the place to familiarize
himself with the Tombs. He found the
prison in a state of confusion. The
warden, who was reinstated, was in a
quandary. He did not know whether he
was working for John J. Fallon, who was
reinstated warden last Friday afternoon,
or for John B. Van de Carr, who has been
acting as warden since Mr. Fallon was
deposed. Fallon claims he is "the" warden,
and Van de Carr claims he has as much to
do with the running of the Tombs as Mr.
Fallon has. In view of the fact that nei-
ther has the power to employ or discharge
the humblest menial about the prison, the
situation is funny. Each claimant is draw-
ing full pay for the position of warden, and
each is working twelve hours a day.

When Mr. Fallon, armed with the deci-
sion of the Supreme Court giving him his
old position as warden, with salary from
the time of his removal, presented himself
to Commissioner of Charities Robert J.
Wright, Friday afternoon, the Commis-
sioner reinstated him without delay. But
the Commissioner, in making out the pa-
pers, announced that Mr. Fallon was re-
appointed as "one of the wardens" of the
city prison. Mr. Fallon wended his way to
the Tombs.

He got there about 3 o'clock and found
Mr. Van de Carr in charge. He presented
his order from Commissioner Wright and
expected to see Mr. Van de Carr vacate
the premises immediately. But Mr. Van de
Carr did nothing of the sort.

No Glad Hand for O'Shea.
He greeted Mr. Fallon in a patronizing
sort of way, took advantage of the ward-
en of the order, and told him he might
have charge of the Tombs in the daytime,
but he (Van de Carr) proposed to look
after things at night, exercising the same
power that Mr. Fallon might exercise. Af-
ter delivering himself of this ultimatum he
took his departure, announcing that he
would be on hand again to take hold of the
Tombs at 7 o'clock in the evening. He was
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